

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THE WORLD AGAINST THE GANGSTER

It would have seemed incredible, if we had merely read it in a book, that one man could turn the whole world upside-down and fill it with misery and madness. Hardly less incredible is it that one-tenth of the world can be holding nine-tenths of it at bay. Yet that is where we have arrived.

It has become perfectly plain that the Nazis and their dupes have no friends in the world outside their own borders. They are the outcasts of the nations, so far beyond the pale that even the few countries that tremble on the brink of alliance hold back with a shudder lest they should be caught up in the maelstrom of ruin to which Mussolini has led the Italian people. The Braggart of the Balcony has made the descendants of Caesar the ragtag and bobtail of the Berlin Gangsters.

A Backward Race in Europe

It is one of our great consolations that at last the whole world knows the Nazis for what they are, brutes and gangsters and looters. If we think it astounding that so great a part of the world can ever have believed in them, let us remember that we too have had such rulers in our time, and that the Germans are a backward race in Europe, a mechanistic nation with no moral foundations. They have never been good neighbours, but if has always seemed possible that they might be, for man has tamed the wolf and made the enemy of the flock the guardian of the fold.

So it is that men are willing to believe well of their neighbours even when they disagree with them. It seemed that Hitler might lead his people in the ways of peace. His "mutton-headed sheep" would follow him and his love of power might save him from the folly and destruction of the German way of war. He might have been the most powerful ruler in this marvellous hundred years, a figure to stand in history with Caesar and the Conqueror and Cromwell.

Time Gained For Freedom

Now that Nazism is revealed in all its utter nakedness it is a bitter thing to remember that our Prime Minister went three times to Germany to see these guttersnipes; and yet we need not be ashamed of it. We are willing to give the benefit of the doubt to any enemy, and at least one mighty blessing came to us from refusing to think ill of Hitler while there was a chance of thinking well of him. The Prime Minister who humbled himself gained time for Freedom to harness the powers that will bring Hitler to his doom.

It is the thought of all this that helps us to understand the bewildering world we live in, and why it has taken so long to convince the free peoples of the earth that the wolf was at the door. The peoples of the earth are more than two thousand millions, belonging to thousands of races, tribes, and nations. They live in different sorts of country—barren lands in which life is hard and Nature yields her fruits reluctantly; lands of mighty distances and death-like solitudes; lands of snow and ice and mountain barriers, scorching deserts, trackless spaces, jungles infested with wild beasts and rivers with crocodiles lurking; lands of plague and pestilence; lands of poverty and famine or lands rich with wealth and ease; lands in varying degrees of civilisation; lands easy of access or cut off from the world's affairs; lands made prosperous by the toil of countless

pioneers, made happy by dreamers and strugglers, made safe by heroic sacrifice; lands threatened by natural disaster or by the jealousy of aggressive neighbours; lands inhabited by a dominant race or by a single race with no self-seeking and intriguing purposes; lands of many races with conflicting views of life and the ceaseless clashing of interest that must follow.

It is not surprising that a world like this should not agree in all things; rather it is surprising that it should agree so well. How many homes are there in which there is perfect unanimity? How many villages could be found to agree about all their local affairs? We dare to say that there is not a single village in the land that could be found to be in entire agreement about so simple a thing as lighting the roads on a dark night. It must be accepted as a truism that there are no two people who agree about everything.

It is because of this, and because of the indifference of those who neither agree nor care, that the ugly head of Nazism has been able to thrust itself into the midst of European Civilisation, and perhaps the moral of it is that most of us are not yet alive to our individual responsibility for what goes on in the world. We take too much for granted. We think life is like a rock and must go on. But life is only like a rock if we keep it so. The world we live in is ours to preserve or to destroy.

If any way of life is like a rock it is the way the British Empire goes, the way of freedom and goodwill; and yet it is maintained by the most intricate and delicate balance of forces and factors. It is a miraculous thing that the securest com-

NOTHING LIKE IT EVER SEEN ON THIS PLANET

As for the British, there never was such a race. They absolutely hold the Seven Seas. They sent to France the largest army any people ever sent over the sea. They are financing most of their allies and they have turned this whole island into gun and shell factories. They are slower than death to change their set methods, but no family in the land, from charcoal burners to dukes, hesitates one moment to send its sons into the army. When you come right down to hard facts, the courage and the endurance of the British and the French excel anything ever before seen on this planet. All the old stories of bravery from Homer down are outdone every day by these people. Walter Page, American Ambassador in the Great War

munity of peoples in the world, the solid block of peoples under the British flag, has the most extraordinary variety of interests, opinions, languages, creeds, habits, prejudices, beliefs, and conflicting purposes ever known in history. Something there is that holds them all together and will not let them scatter. It is the something that makes it possible for a man to live at peace with a neighbour though they are morally, politically, or spiritually as far apart as the poles. It is the spirit of the old motto: In things essential Unity, in things doubtful Liberty, in all things Charity.

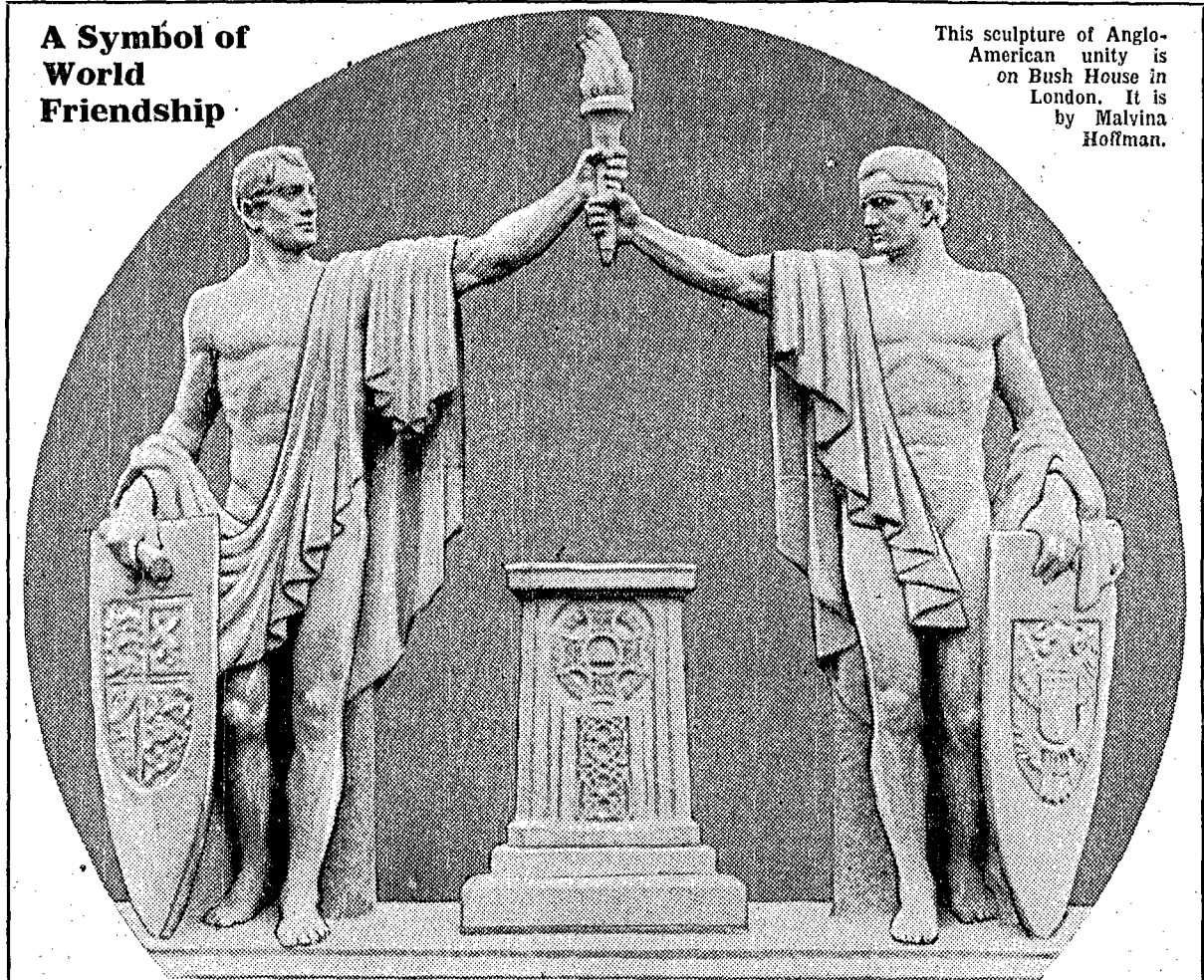
Man's Soul Will Rise Triumphant

It has been our way of life for centuries; it is the cement that holds together the complex structure of the British Empire and has drawn to it in these whirling times all the varied countries in the world except the Tyrant's Tenth. Slowly from the grip of doubt and fear there has emerged among all the free peoples of the earth the conviction that our way of life is as enduring as it is widespread. Slowly the resources of the world have been drawn into the net of the democratic defenders of mankind. Slowly all that man holds dear is being laid on the altar of freedom. Not a nation goes on sleeping now; not a land so blind that it does not see its peril.

A YEAR ago, and we stood alone on the brink of the precipice; today we stand with the civilised world at our side, clothed with such powers that, come what may, the evil things we fight against will perish in the dust and the soul of man will rise triumphant in the heavens.

Arthur Mee

A Symbol of World Friendship



This sculpture of Anglo-American unity is on Bush House in London. It is by Malvina Hoffman.

Rabindranath Tagore

HE ENRICHED THE ANCIENT WISDOM OF THE EAST

INDIA has lost one of its noblest sons by the passing of the Bengali poet Rabindranath Tagore.

His picturesque figure was familiar to many people in this country for he had been among us both as a youth before his fame and in his famous days; but his poems were known to a wider circle of English readers.

He came of a Brahman family which for generations has had a great influence on the religious thought of India, especially in Bengal; he was the youngest of seven sons and grew up to manage the family estates.

By this time, however, he had learned to love poetry (not only Sanskrit poems but the poetry of Shelley and Tennyson) and he was more interested in contact with the people than in the commercial side of the estates, so he began writing stories, novels, and poems of the land he knew.

A Lover of the People

Tagore loved the simple life of the people of the Ganges Valley and wrote thousands of songs inspired by the atmosphere he found there. He sought to infuse among the people a philosophy of Indian life and a passion for their ancient culture, and though he threw himself into politics for a while (becoming so angry at times that he wished to return the knighthood George the Fifth gave him) his heart was not in such things. He was a poet rather than a fighter, and it was as a poet that he received the Nobel Prize in 1913, the first awarded to an Asiatic.

The poet gave the £8000 to a school and university he had founded, which he called the Abode of Peace. He travelled widely on lecture tours in Europe and America and wrote many letters, a volume of which has been published, and his name became perhaps the most widely known name of all his countrymen except for Mr Gandhi, who has, however, no message to compare with the philosophy the poet preached so eloquently and so long. Tagore had only scorn for some of Mr Gandhi's impracticable notions, though he longed for the independence of his country as much as any man. Many of his poems and plays are available in English.

One of his sayings, much liked by the C.N., is that *Every child comes into the world with the message that God does not yet despair of man*. Some of his verses haunt the mind, as do some of his little tales—this, for

The Little Singer

Not long ago a Polish officer walking down a street in Blackpool heard a little Lancashire boy heartily singing the Polish National Anthem. With tears streaming down his cheeks he pressed a shilling into the boy's hand and asked him where he had learnt the song.

"At school," the boy answered, and it was found that he attended an elementary school where children are given lessons on current affairs, and learn the Allies' national anthems.

example, of the servant who came late one day:

The morning came, but my servant appeared not.

Doors were all open, the water was not drawn from the well; my servant had been out all night. My morning meal was not ready: my clothes were all lying unfolded.

As the hours passed by, my anger grew, and I devised hard punishments for him. At the last he came, late in the morning, and bowed low.

I called out angrily: "Go forth from my presence and never see my face again."

He bowed at me, and remained silent, and then said in a low, husky voice: *My little daughter died last night*. And without another word he went to his daily task.

What the poet thought of the world as it is today may be imagined from this passage he wrote on the idea of a man seeking world power:

PRISONER, tell me, who was it bound you?

It was my master, said the prisoner. I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power, and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my king. When sleep overcame me I lay upon the bed that was for my lord, and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house.

Prisoner, tell me, who was it wrought this unbreakable chain?

It was I, said the prisoner, who forged this chain very carefully. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive, leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel, hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable I found that it held me in its grip.

The passing of this great man is deeply mourned by all India. He brought to it something of its ancient pride; he enriched its language and literature; and he endowed his people everywhere with dignity and high renown. He was 80 in years, but in spirit he was ageless. Life was to him a solemn trust and nobly he lived it from his birth.

Two Surprised People

A young Canadian is quite sure that crime does not pay, and means to turn over a new leaf when he gets out of prison.

He stole some jewellery from a house in Toronto whose owners were away. Then he managed to get to another part of the country with his spoils in a suitcase. His downfall came when he tried to sell the jewellery to a man who gave him a lift, who happened to be the owner of the house he had robbed and of the jewellery!

Little News Reels

WHEN Albert Strauel, of Alamosa, Colorado, went with other R.A.F. pilots to see the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace the other day he drank his first cup of tea.

Australia now has 123,000,000 sheep, a record for any country.

Nearly nine million books and magazines have been handed in to post offices for the Forces in the past year.

WE hear that German and Italian troops in Greece get on very badly together, owing to the contempt shown by the Nazis; and that they are forbidden to billet together.

At a billiards tournament at Eynsford in Kent the competitors wore their gas-masks.

General Smuts is sending to President Roosevelt a personal gift of various types of grass which have been tried under similar conditions to those prevailing in the American Dust-bowl, and it is hoped they will prove successful for reclaiming land there.

Common rights granted to the people of Handley, Dorset, in 1575, have been surrendered so that wheat may be grown on the Common.



There are now half a million fewer men in our coal mines than at the end of the last war.

In one month this year Eynsford Rat Club destroyed 254 rats.

THERE are now over 300,000 enrolled in the North-West voluntary scheme of people prepared to give up their Sundays and go anywhere after an air raid.

Five thousand acres of waste land have been cultivated in a southern county and made to yield food worth £85,000.

Halifax is to equip a battalion of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, down to the last trouser button.

Scout and Guide News Reel

GLASGOW Scouts and Boy Brigaders are cooperating in a big drive for the salvage of specially valuable waste materials.

Scottish Scouts tackled with a stirrup pump a fire which broke out in an old stable near their camp and soon had the fire under control.

Harvest watching has been undertaken by Scouts of Stockbridge.

When Margaret Willis, an eleven-year-old Scarborough Guide, was trapped for nine hours in her bombed and burning home she was heard singing and trying to keep up her mother's spirits. Margaret afterwards told her Captain that she remembered she was a Guide.

THINGS SEEN

Swallows in a Kent village back in a nest made for them after the destruction of their own.

A model of a destroyer made of matches in a shop window at Gravesend.

Hundreds of eggs rolling in the roadway near Blackfriars.

People bartering vegetables for clothing in a Croydon store.

DESCENDANTS OF A CIVILISED GERMANY

A Word to the Barbarians

LOYAL Americans of German descent (such as Mr Wendell Willkie, for instance) have become disgusted by the crimes of the Nazis and have issued a striking manifesto pledging themselves to do their utmost to get rid of the Gangsters, so that the real Germany might be reborn.

The manifesto is addressed to "all Americans of German birth or descent, to the Nazis in America, the half-hearted, the silenced, in Europe, the United States Government, men of good will everywhere, and the world's young."

Challenging the Nazis in America, it says: "This master whom

you serve, whether blindly or knowingly, has killed what was best in German life. He hopes to pour his corrosive poison all over the earth. We recognise him for what he is—the most brutal and brutalising upshot of all the dark and despotic forces which have ever sought to tyrannise the world. Whether you are aliens or citizens who have sworn the oath of allegiance, you enjoy all the spiritual and material benefits which this democracy bestows, and you are traitors to its hospitality. But we will fight your every destructive effort. You shall not sabotage our world."

The Oldest Dominion Pays Back

READERS of the C.N. will recall how eight years ago Newfoundland, the Empire's oldest colony, fell on hard times and had to be governed by a special Commission, the Government of the United Kingdom assuming the general responsibility for its finances while they were being reorganised.

Until June 1940 expenditure exceeded revenue, and the Motherland, ever willing to put her hand in her pocket, anticipated a similar action in the financial year just completed. Instead of a deficit of some

£400,000, however, there was a surplus of £140,000, due to war-work, increased imports, and remittances from men overseas. A free gift of £120,000, in the form of a fighter squadron manned by Newfoundlanders, was voted from this surplus. But this is not all.

The present budget anticipates a surplus of over £500,000, and the grateful daughter proposes to reserve the greater part of this sum as an interest-free loan to our Government for the duration of the Hitler war, advancing £60,000 forthwith.

THE GULL'S EGG

All honour to Lord Davies for experiments he has made on his Montgomeryshire estate to show that the eggs of seagulls are pleasant and highly nutritious food for humans, so encouraging the founding of a new egg-collecting industry. But who doubted the value of the gull's eggs for the breakfast table?

Until plovers were protected by law greedy gourmets used to pay high prices for their eggs, eating them with gusto because they were rare and costly. For years multitudes of gulls' eggs were collected and sold as plover eggs. Costing nothing, they realised from ninepence to twice that price.

The seagulls lost their eggs, the consumers were thoroughly gulled over the transaction, but apparently nobody was any the wiser.

The King's Cream Horses

The last of the surviving Royal Cream horses have been sent to Whipsnade from the Maidstone zoo.

This breed was used for royal ceremonies in Spain during the 17th century, and Queen Isabella gave various German knights one each. These were seized by the King of Hanover and used as Royal horses. When George the First came to England he brought some of them with him, and they were used continually for State occasions, until 1921, when George the Fifth gave them up.

They are pure cream with blue eyes, but the remainder of the breed left in Hanover has become darker in colour and has brown eyes.

The Gangsters of Algonquin Park

A ruthless struggle is going on in Algonquin Park, Ontario, between the Canadian National Railway and a very persistent gang of saboteurs.

The villains are beavers, who are systematically undermining the railway line by the work they are putting into their pond. The railway foreman has run out of ideas for combating them, for he has been foiled each time.

One day he tried to frighten them off by placing a water-wheel with tin cans tied to it in the current, but Mr Beaver put a spoke in the wheel and stopped it running! Then he left a lantern burning, hoping the light would induce the colony to go elsewhere; but in a few hours the light was hidden by a pile of sticks and mud.

The beavers have spent three years in building this pond and damming it, and it is 75 feet square and a fine piece of work; but it is too near the railway line, and should heavy rains come it would endanger it.

Last Year's Barley

The Kent Band of Hope Federation has looked up the figures of last year's barley and finds that 580,000 tons went into brewing and 220,000 tons into distilling. Much of this barley was grown in newly-ploughed land, and for its use the brewers received 76,000 tons of sugar.

We understand that the land now used for growing hops for brewers would grow 100,000 tons of potatoes and 300,000 quarters of oats.

Grain on the Moors?

THIS is the season when we rejoice in the glory of the moors with their miles of purple heather and the silence of the open spaces.

Most of us may have the idea that all this bleak moorland is too wet and cold for crops and that the soil is unsuited for grain, but it seems that this is not so. Mr Christopher Sutcliffe of Rathmell, near the Yorkshire town of Settle, believes that mountain land can be reclaimed, and he should know, for he has experimented on a great scale with success. For 40 years he has farmed his own land, and his farm has grown from 50 to 500

acres. With the help of four sons he has cleared upland tracks of rocks, removing 500 tons from one field. He has ploughed with horses, using a special iron share. He has drained sodden land and has grown crops of oats at a height of about 1000 feet above sea-level, sometimes producing heads with 200 ears.

From soil that was stagnant and rock-bound two years ago he has this year harvested 29 loads of seed hay, and he hopes next year to gather a crop of oats.

It seems that in farming, as in other walks of life, where there's a will there's a way.

WE WANT MORE SCIENTISTS

There is always room for more scientists, and the Board of Education has announced that 20 Royal Scholarships and 11 Studentships in Science will be offered for competition in April next year.

Successful candidates, who must be British subjects, will be given approved courses in various branches of science at the Imperial College of Science. For Royal Scholars there is a grant up to £100 a year with the payment of college fees for the course, while the Studentship covers only the payment of fees. In the same examination the Board hopes to offer a number of Whitworth Scholarships of the value of £150 a year for one or three years.

Particulars of these offers may be had from the Syllabus of the Science Scholarships Examination and the Whitworth Scholarship Regulations, both published by the Stationery Office.

OLD CLOTHES FOR NEW

"All wool and a yard wide" has long been set up as a standard of excellence, but in these days, when all the world is competing for wool, this ideal is seldom reached in our clothing.

The supply of pure, unadulterated wool has lately been estimated at 200 million pounds a year. But when the wool is made up into our suits or our underclothing it is a very mixed article. With it are blended 30 million pounds of cotton and 70 million pounds of artificial silk; and besides these adulterants there are 114 million pounds of wool that has been reclaimed from old garments, and made into so-called "woollen cloths." So keep your good old clothes.

THE BISHOP'S HAT

Bishop Bell of Chichester, having lost his hat, suspected one of his rural deans and appealed for its return through the Diocesan Gazette. We understand that the hat is now back on the bishop's hat-peg.

THE KILLERS ON THE ROAD

"Killing" and not "accidental death" is the proper term when, with petrol restricted and private cars less used, we have the terrible record of 618 road deaths in a month.

In the three months from April to June there were 2045 road deaths, and killed and injured numbered 46,696.

There are two main causes of this monstrous tragedy. The first is the deterioration in road manners; the second is the high speed at which vehicles are driven. It is the driver who should be mostly ashamed for this dire evil which adds so gravely to our national burden now.

FROM THE KING TO THE EMIR

A present which reminds us of Old Testament days has been sent by the King of Saudi Arabia to the Emir of Transjordan.

The gift consisted of 100 sacks of rice, 100 sheepskins of dates, and 50 sheepskins of cooking fats. The dates make our mouths water.

Though the gift was Biblical, the method of despatch was certainly not, for the goods were loaded on to five lorries and the journey took only nine days.

LET THE RIVER OF CHARITY FLOW

The Salvation Army lost £65,000 worth of equipment in the collapse of France last summer, and about £50,000 worth of this material has already been replaced by friends in U.S.A. In addition to this a greater value still has been received by the Salvation Army in comforts sent by America for distribution throughout the British Isles.

THIS ALSO IS AMERICA

They take the bathroom very seriously in the United States. In one New York hotel with 1000 bedrooms every one has its bathroom, and they are taken in hand thoroughly every day.

The final touch is to rid them of germs; and for this purpose the General Electric Company furnishes a portable ray apparatus which is turned on from the electric mains and, like a carpet-sweeper, sweeps the room free of every germ. The bathroom is then sealed with Cellophane to keep it in its pristine purity.

In the same serious scientific journal in which this hygienic marvel is reported there is an account of an automatic weighing apparatus for trolley loads on a Middle West highway. It is automatic and accurate, but it is protected with a shield scarred with bullets aimed at it by exasperated trolley drivers. It recalls the old story of the Wild West where a notice was put up, "Don't shoot the organist: he is doing his best."

A New Idea For Storing the World's Food

WE have become familiar with the process of storing milk as powder, and of its restoration to the form of liquid milk by the addition of water. In the near future we may see an extension of this form of storage to many other foods.

The value of the process is very great, because it not only enables us to carry food cheaply, but to preserve for future use food which cannot be immediately consumed.

For example, the too familiar case of a glut of fruit leading to the waste of a surplus which cannot be conveniently marketed will become unknown.

When we realise that all organisms, animal or vegetable, owe their bulk to the fact that they are mostly water, we see at once that if we can successfully extract the water without injuring the food value of the remainder we have the key to

GREENWICH MARKS TIME

Like many other places and institutions, the Royal Observatory at Greenwich has had its work sadly curtailed. All its telescope lenses and mirrors have been removed to a place of safety, and all its nightly observation ceased after the big blitz last year. It is sad to think that the Airy Transit Circle, which, like Grandfather's Clock in the song, had been marking time for 90 years, and had noted the passing of 650,000 stars, has now ceased. Its junior, the new Transit Circle, with 10,000 star transits in three years to its score, has also stopped—for a time. But the observations of the sun go on still. Behind the clouds it is still shining.

Better Fish For Market

At a time when the housewife has to hesitate to encourage her household to eat more fish it is reassuring to hear through Dr F. Gross, of Edinburgh University, of some steps that can be taken to supply bigger and better fish.

One such step has been taken by the Danes, who have removed flat fish from the coastal belt to the Inner Lim Fjord, with the result that these migrants have increased in length and doubled in size. They have profited, not by a change of air, but by a change of water, and no doubt by a better food supply. This

supply is chiefly the plankton of the water. Dr Gross tells also of a remarkable experiment on Loch Fyne, where the small flat fishes have been successfully fattened by feeding with artificial plankton, fertilised with nitrates and phosphates as the farmers' fields might be. He mentions also the possible cultivation of fresh-water fish like the carp, which in Continental carp ponds produce 95 lbs of fish per acre in a year.

Our American friends actually apply electricity in some of their trout fisheries to weed out the trout of smaller size.

BAD SEED IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN

The otherwise cheerful report of the National Allotments Society is marred by the revelation that too many of the diligent members had grave cause to complain of the seed they had bought.

Seed potatoes were in many cases not only dear but defective. It is a very mean offence to spoil the work and waste the time of an allotment holder by supplying him with seed potatoes not worth the cost of transport.

Many varieties of seed, it is reported, were in very short supply, and advantage was taken of the fact by unscrupulous sellers. We earnestly hope that the society's representations on the subject to the Government will have proper attention.

INSECT NEWS

Strange things are happening in the insect life of Surrey. A correspondent writes that he has never before met so many grasshoppers; they jump around at every step in the grass and are taken indoors. On the other hand, there is no blight on the roses and very few wasps; perhaps the wasps are disgusted with the absence of jam.

A serious shortage is that of the lovely Vanessa group of butterflies. Our correspondent has two fine specimens of *Buddleia*, one with the purple spikes that usually attract butterflies in such numbers as to make them a lovely sight in August, but this year they have been almost bare of their accustomed visitors. Even the small *Tortoiseshell*, the commonest of the group, is scarce, while the Red Admiral and the Peacock are absent. We wonder if this experience is common in other places.

TASTE AND SEE

Fresh air has a taste, not the air which blows hot over the heather or salted with the breath of the sea, but the purified air the airmen take in while flying 30,000 feet up. This fact is revealed by Professor E. M. Case and Professor J. B. S. Haldane, whose task it is to experiment with the atmospheres the high-flying airmen take with them in their gas reservoir equipment.

Their mixture of oxygen and nitrogen (or sometimes helium) has to be compressed. In experiments with these compressed gases it was found that most persons said that at a pressure of six to ten atmospheres (from 90 to 150 lbs to the square inch) oxygen had a sweetish acid taste, like "diluted ginger beer," according to one candidate. A mixture of nitrogen and oxygen, otherwise air, at the higher pressure tasted harsh and metallic, and this may be taken as the taste of nitrogen.



Three smiling Land Girls on their way to harvesting duties in Kent

Bolton's Yes

Bolton has a capital little movement called the Youth Emergency Service, in which over a thousand boys and girls have volunteered to do useful things such as looking after babies, helping to organise games, running errands, and helping mothers with housework.

Could not the idea be copied in a hundred other towns? YES.

A A SHOW

Flower and vegetable shows have played an important part in village life for generations, and this year has seen, for the first time, a Food Production Show of a different kind, for soldiers of the South-Eastern Command have prepared a show of their own, the produce almost entirely from gardens cultivated by men of A A batteries.

THE RAREST BIRD

In the C N a few weeks ago the whooping crane found a place as one of the world's rarest and shyest birds, and as one which in a Wild Life Reserve had been able to raise its numbers to 26.

A rival to it in rarity is now named, in the Audubon Magazine, by Mr J. T. Tanner. It is the ivory-billed woodpecker, a strange, ungainly bird, as shown by its photograph in *The Countryman*, but there are only 24 known. It needs a wilderness to live in, where there are many dead trees, and it builds its nest in a hole in one of them 40 to 60 feet above ground. Mr Tanner has a tame young one, and seems to be the only naturalist who knows all about these woodpeckers.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



How Not to Win the War

The Timber Famine

A LANDOWNER has sent to The Times an incredible story of the Air Ministry which shows us clearly how not to win the war.

The Ministry, requiring land on a private estate for an aerodrome or something, cut down a large number of trees (some of them two feet from the ground) and buried hundreds of cubic feet of good oak and ash and hundreds of new oak fencing posts.

To cut a tree two feet from the ground is, as any schoolboy knows, the act of a criminal; to dig a huge hole and bury good timber in it in these days is the act of a madman. It is surely the most extraordinary world a man could live in.

Five Minutes of Kindness

ONE of our readers has made a curious experiment with his watch which shows how much kindness we can see as we walk about the streets.

He saw a Church Lads Brigadier directing an old lady to the post-office, escorting children across crowded streets, and saving a child from a motor-van—all in five minutes.

THREE NAVIES

WE may now be said to have three Navies. One floats, one flies, one dives.

England, Beware of Gas

A CN reader whose gas was cut off by a raid was struck with the news of the destruction by our planes of a German tanker loaded with whale oil, for the combination of incidents recalled a queer story.

When it was first proposed to light England with gas, opponents of gas assured Parliament that such a scheme would ruin our whale fishery; it would "throw out of work 10,000 seamen, and above 10,000 ropemakers, sail-makers, and others connected with that trade." The existence of the British Navy, it was urged, was thus threatened.

The Paper Famine

OUR paper stocks fall lower and lower. Our papers grow smaller and smaller. It is now difficult to publish books.

But in 5000 villages there has just arrived a book which would suggest to any reasonable being that the country was crammed with paper. It is a Guide for Fruit Preserving Centres, and has 144 pages of stout foolscap bound in stout covers (such as publishers find it very hard to get), 33 of the pages being blank, apparently for children to write on—or to get rid of the paper.

It is said that one or two sheets of paper would serve the purpose of all this mass, the scattering of which about the countryside is nothing but a scandal.

Mr Hudson's Fleabite

We think the whole House of Commons must have been astonished at an answer given by our Minister of Agriculture to Sir Waldron Smithers, the watchful member for the agricultural division of Chislehurst.

Sir Waldron thought, as we do, that it is criminal to use oats and hay for racehorses in these days (and he might have added petrol for race-meetings), but Mr Hudson replied that the quantity of oats used for the racehorses was "only 750 tons, a mere fleabite."

We do not think we remember a responsible minister calling 750 tons of food a fleabite in time of food shortage, and Sir Waldron pertinently reminded Mr Hudson that it would keep alive 12,000 hens, as his constituents well know.

Surely Mr Hudson must think again and make up his mind that 12,000 hens kept by struggling food-producers all over the countryside are no fleabite to these people, and are of far more importance to the nation than its racehorses. It is this apparent indifference to vital concerns that creates much unnecessary uneasiness in the country.

JUST AN IDEA

The only thing in this world that counts is something constructive.

The Man Who Never Forgot

From a Correspondent

THE people of a quiet Cornish town wanted not long ago to show how much they appreciated the services of a faithful servant of the town council who was leaving the district, and decided to give him a present of money. At the presentation ceremony the leading men of the town spoke in glowing terms of the loyalty and efficiency with which he had carried out his duties.

For over 30 years, they said, he had kept the streets clean. He had collected the tolls in the market-place, too, and had done all sorts of odd jobs about the town. He was honest, reliable, straightforward, hard-working, and could be trusted. One by one they paid their little tributes. Then last of all came this gem of a tribute from a councillor's lips:

What I like about this man is that he has never forgotten his mother.

A fine testimony! Whatever else the man had forgotten, he had never forgotten his mother! She had done so much for him in his youth, worked for him, cared for him, fed him, clothed him, prayed for him; it was she who taught him to be honest, straightforward, reliable; and when he became a man he never forgot the debt he owed to her.

Beautiful Phrases

A CN friend who is haunted by lovely phrases has collected a few of his favourites and asked us to give them, which we most gladly do.

THE peace that passeth understanding

Six years, six little years, six drops of time

The silence that is in the lonely hills

Till all the seas gang dry and the rocks melt with the sun

Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three

Charity suffereth long and is kind

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden

My soul, there is a country afar beyond the stars

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom

I thank God for every remembrance of you

He giveth his beloved sleep Oft in the stilly night

For ever and for ever

O, that we two were maying I wandered lonely as a cloud

Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon

The Lord is my shepherd, therefore I shall not want

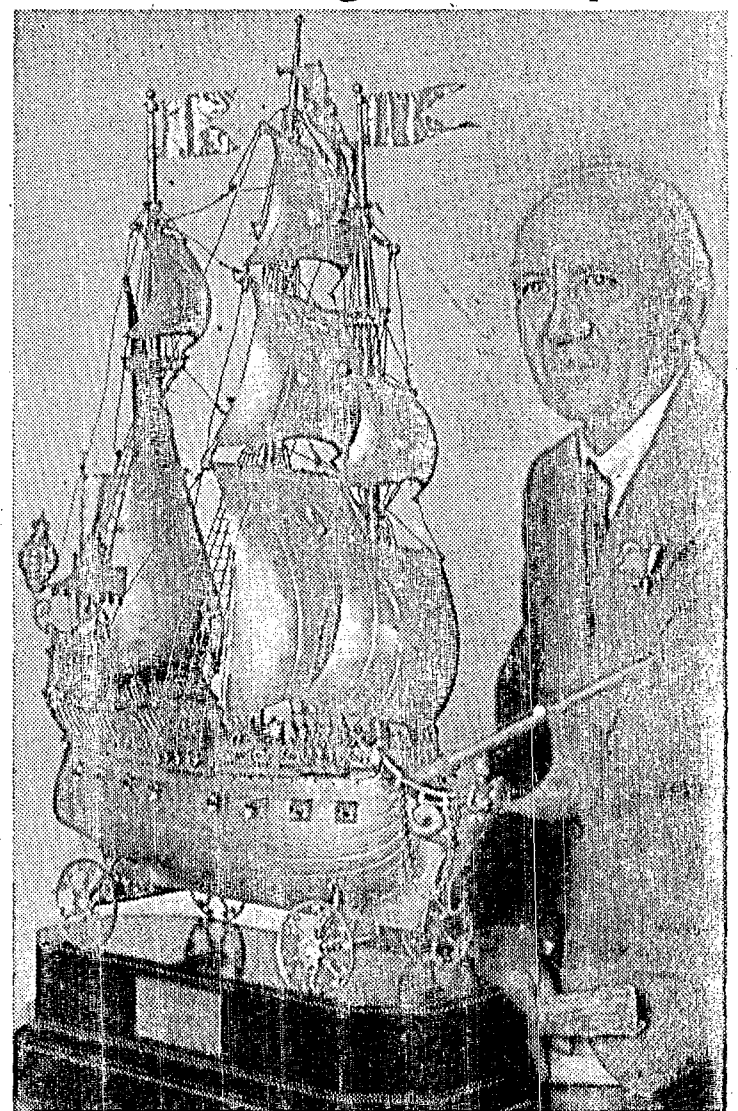
The kingdom of heaven is within you

ALERT OR ASLEEP?

AN American broadcaster thinks the best example of coolness in wartime is the way in which in a London hotel he was handed a card bearing these words:

Guests desiring to be awakened during an alert will hang this sign on the outside of their room door.

The Pilgrim Ship



This delightful silver model of the Mayflower in which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed to America in 1620 was presented to Sir Harry Brittain on the occasion of his marriage in 1905. Sir Harry, seen in the picture, was one of the founders in 1902 of the Pilgrims' Club, which exists to promote good feeling between the people of Britain and America.

The Village Kitchen in Wartime

A CORRESPONDENT who is a member of a Food Control Committee was asked some time ago to protest against the suggestion that supplies of certain tinned foods should be released for hop-pickers living in huts.

The villagers complained, saying they had been unable to buy such foods, particularly tinned milk, for months. Inquiries were made about the food habits of people in three Kent villages with astonishing results.

In one village, with half a dozen herds of cows, it was found that few cottagers bought more than a pint of milk a day, and that many had only half a pint.

Almost every one, however, bought tinned milk when it was available. The milk produced in the village went to town in bulk. The old days of free or cheap milk from the farmer have gone; no longer can the cottager send to the farm. He has to depend on imported canned milk, often of low grade.

Tinned peas, beans, and other vegetables, tinned fruit (even during the apple, plum, and cherry seasons) were, until the war, commonly used because they were easier to prepare.

Cheap tinned fish and meat, so-called relishes and sauces, were all good selling lines in village shops, and factory-made fruit tarts and cakes had replaced the home-baked food of the old days.

The war has made most of these "mass-produced" foods unobtainable in the villages. Is it too much to hope that country folk will go back to the home-grown and home-cooked of olden days?

THE NAZI AND THE MIDGE

ALL Europe was set laughing by the German broadcast the other day. The Nazi announcers have been hard put to find excuses to satisfy their people, but surely the limit is to throw the blame for holding up the German war machine on to—the midges!

Midges indeed, the smallest of the flies that dance in the summer sun, holding up the mightiest forces of barbarism the world has ever seen!

The midge in this country, and in Germany too, is a real source of irritation, and perhaps its mention by the broadcaster was evidence of the annoyance felt because he had no satisfactory news to give. However, to meet these tiny creatures when they are thirsting for human blood is very annoying, as many a holiday-maker in certain districts in Scotland and England's fens has discovered. The two most troublesome species in Cambridgeshire have been named by scientists *Ceratopogon bipunctatus* and *C. pulicaris*, Latin names which indicate a double puncture and the fleabite, and their bites are a source of much profit to local chemists.

Under the Editor's Table

At a recent election there was a Win-the-War candidate. But he couldn't win.

THE potato shortage is over. We have scraped through it.

You can't keep children out of water. Especially hot water.

HITLER, hoping for a lightning victory in Russia, is thunder-struck.

EDEN hopes Japan will reflect. And mirror world opinion.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



THE Home Secretary says many kinds of people are being watched. The eyes have it.

AN MP has thrown himself into the business of house-building. He must be a brick.

RENTS should be kept down. But tenants must raise them.

OUR coal is being eaten up at the rate of thousands of tons a day, we read. It speaks well for our digestive powers.

If Plymouth gardeners use the hoe

What the Man Told the Soldier

HERE is a five-minute story which might come home to all of us, young or old, and we tell it as it was told by one of the two men who figured in it.

He was jogging along in his ancient little car when a strapping young soldier stumping wearily along in Army boots hailed him for a lift, holding both thumbs up to make sure. When the car halted he stumbled in; with all his heavy equipment, and the springs of the car squeaked sympathetically as he groaned with relief at taking the weight off his feet. But he had hardly done offering thanks when he began a steady stream of grousing.

Everything Wrong

Every blessed thing was wrong. He was being marched to death, the grub was awful and not enough of it, and in fact not enough of anything—not enough leave, or pay, or fags, too much uniform, and his feet were that sore. The driver of the car waited till the ever-rolling stream had subsided to a trickle, and then said that no doubt the soldier's grievances were many, but he himself would willingly change places with him any day.

The soldier stared at him. "Why, you?" said he. "You! Got a nice little car, you can do as you like, go where you like—" "Not quite," the driver smiled. "I can't go where I like, when I like. Most of the time I spend in a chair, and when I want to go anywhere I have to get helped out of it, and when I can't get help I have to stay put. I can't walk."

A murmur of excuse and sympathy escaped the soldier, and the driver went on simply: "It's infantile paralysis; have you heard of it?" The soldier had heard of Roosevelt;

was it like him? "Like Roosevelt," agreed the driver, "the great man who is helping to shape the new world although he is paralysed. I got it in my legs ten years ago, and since then I've been a prisoner. By the grace of God I can drive this little car and get a share of freedom. But thousands can't do that. They are prisoners all the time; no escape ever. Now you understand what I mean when I said I'd like to change places." The soldier nodded gravely. "Not half!" said he.

The driver's story is, as he said, that of thousands all over the world, young and old, in the United States, in Great Britain, in New Zealand, who suffer from the ravages of the mysterious, invisible poison, the living virus, which was first recognised for what it was in the last Great War.

No cure is known, though its injuries can be alleviated. They may begin in childhood, or they may strike down the strong man. With some the injuries are less disabling than those of others, as President Roosevelt's unflinching bearing has shown the world.

A Lesson For Us All

But as the officials of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship, which is celebrating its 21st year, and from whom the story of the grumbling soldier comes, can tell us, there are multitudes all over the world condemned by this scourge to stay put. Yet among them are many who comfort themselves with the thought that there are others worse off than themselves. They hold their heads high. They keep their thumbs up, not begging for sympathy, but unconsciously teaching the lesson to us all that, whatever our trouble, it is up to us to make the best of it.

The Poor Nobles of Japan

WE can imagine that the ancient nobles of Japan will soon be petitioning the emperor for another increase in their pensions, for the draining of the war chest must mean a great rise in taxation.

Before the year 1868 the Japanese nobility were the ruling power, living on lands and riches granted to them by former emperors, and controlling the soldier class, who were masters of the rest of the people.

The emperor was kept in seclusion as half divine, and was never seen by the people. He was revered by all, but had no power. The management of the country was under a minister called the Shogun.

Then Americans and Europeans gained a footing in the land, and took with them Western ways. The Japanese had always been the cleverest people of the East, and their wisest men quickly saw that the methods of their forefathers would not long resist the Western

ways. So they began to think out a way by which they could use whatever was good in Europe and America.

Their first step was to bring their emperor out of his seclusion and make him the real head of the nation. He was the one hundred and twenty-third ruler of the oldest kingly house in the world.

Now came a splendid act of patriotism that should make us admire for ever the old noble families of this country now falling from its high estate. Nearly all these fine men, moved by deep and glowing patriotism, gave up their positions and surrendered their lands and wealth for the general good, becoming plain citizens.

As they had no means of livelihood, the emperor arranged that a pension fund should be formed for them so that they should not sink into poverty, and after the Great War this pension proved too small for the necessities of life, and was increased

COME FORTH EVERY ONE

COME forth from the valley, come forth from the hill, Come forth from the workshop, the mine, and the mill, From pleasure or slumber, from study or play, Come forth in your myriads to aid us today: There's a word to be spoken, a deed to be done, A truth to be uttered, a cause to be won. Come forth in your myriads, come forth every one.

Come, youths, in your vigour; come, men, in your prime; Come, age with experience fresh gathered from time; Come, workers, you're welcome; come, thinkers, you must Come thick as the clouds in the midsummer dust, Or the waves of the sea gleaming bright in the sun. There's a truth to be told and a cause to be won, Come forth in your myriads, come forth every one.

Charles Mackay

Have No Hate in Your Heart

YOUR task should be to preserve your hearts unmoved, never to allow an ill word to pass your lips, but always to abide in compassion and goodwill, with no hate in your hearts, enfolding in radiant thoughts of love the person addressing you and proceeding thence to enfold the whole world in your radiant thoughts of love—thoughts like the solid earth beneath, thoughts great, vast, and beyond measure, in which no hatred is. From the Dialogues of Buddha

O, LOVE BUILDS ON THE AZURE SEA

O, Love builds on the azure sea, And Love builds on the golden sand; And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud, And sometimes Love builds on the land.

O, if Love build on sparkling sea, And if Love build on golden strand, And if Love build on rosy cloud, To Love these are the solid land.

O, Love will build his lily walls, And Love his pearly roof will rear, On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea, Love's solid land is everywhere! Isabella Valancy Crawford

Here is Happiness

YOU traverse the world in search of happiness which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it on all. Horace

THE GREAT PEACE

CALM soul of all things! Make it mine To feel, amid the city's jar, That there abides a peace of thine Man did not make, and cannot mar. Matthew Arnold

Where is He Today?

NAPOLEON thought that all the world should bend beneath his sway, He failed in his ambition, and where is he today? Neither the nations of the East, nor the nations of the West, Did think the thought Napoleon thought was in their interest.

WORTH SAVING

IT is not the poet's business to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving.



CARRY ON

The Building of the New Jerusalem

THE achievement of Christ, in founding by His single will and power a structure so durable and so universal, is like no other achievement which history records.

The masterpieces of the men of action are coarse and common in comparison with it, and the masterpieces of speculation flimsy and insubstantial. When we speak of it the commonplaces of admiration fail us altogether. Shall we speak of the originality of the design, of the skill displayed in the execution? All such terms are inadequate. Originality and contriving skill operated indeed, but, as it were, implicitly. The creative effort which produced that against which it said the gates of hell shall not prevail, cannot be analysed.

No architect's designs were furnished for the New Jerusalem, no committee drew up rules for the Universal Commonwealth. If in the works of Nature we can trace the indications of calcu-

lation, of a struggle with difficulties, of precaution, of ingenuity, then in Christ's work it may be that the same indications occur. But these inferior and secondary powers were not consciously exercised; they were implicitly present in the manifold yet single creative art. The inconceivable work was done in calmness; before the eyes of men it was noiselessly accomplished, attracting little attention.

Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech which is the symbol of their union? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, "the Holy Ghost fell on those that believed." No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe; it descended out of heaven from God. J. R. Seeley

A German Writes With a Burning Pen

THERE are three lessons I would write, Three words, as with a burning pen, In tracings of eternal light, Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now, And gladness hides her face in scorn, Put thou the shadow from thy brow, No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven, The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,

Know this—God rates the hosts of heaven, The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one, But man as man, thy brother call, And scatter, like the circling sun, Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul, Hope, Faith, and Love, and thou shalt find Strength when life's surges rudest roll, Light when thou else wert blind. Frederick Schiller, the German

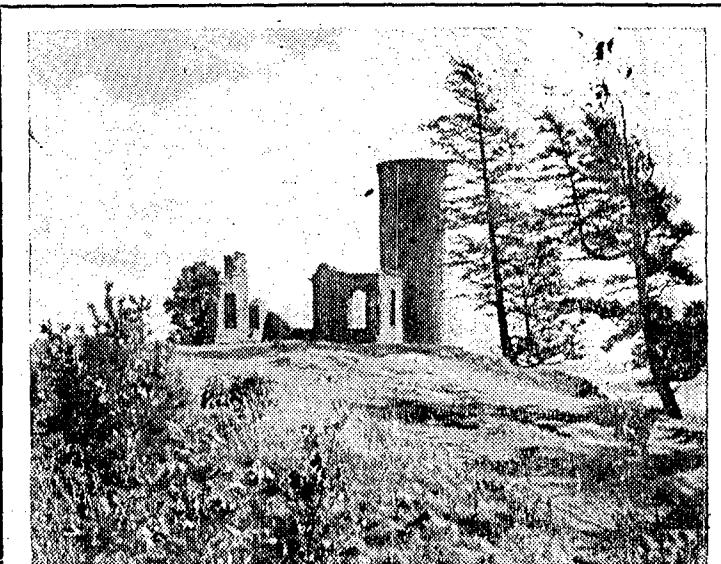
Glory in Something

LET us beware of losing our enthusiasms. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

Bishop Phillips Brooks

HAPPY AND WISE

BEST trust the happy moments. What they gave Makes man less fearful of the certain grave, And gives his work compassion and new eyes, The days that make us happy make us wise. John Masefield



Kinnoull Tower, a striking old ruin overlooking the Tay Valley near Perth.

WHAT THE FLAG HAS DONE IN ASHANTI

John Prempeh of Kumasi

IT comes strangely to grown-up folk to read of the death of the Revd John Prempeh of Kumasi, for the Prempeh of their earlier days was a monster of iniquity, King of the Ashanti folk behind the Gold Coast.

The Ashanti people have been for generations the ruling race in the vast area about them, and no words can describe their cruelty. They ruled through a king at Kumasi who sat on his golden stool and was bound by ancient custom to have 3333 wives. Human sacrifice was his delight—that and making war on the Fanti tribe, who were driven down to the coast.

Our first Governor of the Gold Coast was Sir Charles MacCarthy, who befriended the Fantis and led them to war with 500 against 10,000 Ashantis. They were defeated and he was slain, his skull being used as a royal drinking-cup. It is said that he had trouble with munitions, the cases being found at the last moment to contain not munitions but vermicelli! But the Ashantis were beaten at last, and their power waned. Then there was trouble over a fugitive chief and a runaway slave, and the Ashantis rose again and won two battles. The Bush was stronger than the white man's cannon, they said. But Sir Garnet Wolseley

marched on to Kumasi and occupied it without firing a shot, and the king promised to pay tribute of 50,000 ounces of gold. Half a generation more and there was trouble again, this time with King Prempeh, a sort of African Hitler, steeped in wickedness.

Our fort at Kumasi was besieged, famine and disease threatened hundreds of troops and thousands of refugees, but the siege was raised, the rebellion crushed, and today all is quiet in Ashanti, which is developing marvellously with Sir Osei Prempeh at its head! It has 2000 miles of motor roads, it grows thousands of tons of cocoa and produces much fine gold. It has rich forests of mahogany, and its children go to school like the children of Lambeth Walk.

The John Prempeh who has now died was the son of the first King of Ashanti to adopt Christianity. He was born in exile in the Seychelles, and on returning with his father to his homeland he joined the missionary college and became a minister. He was only 36 and was very popular.

The Hard Life of Little Switzerland

THOUGH all the democracies rejoice that Hitler and his evil train have not as yet ventured to lay their foul hands on Switzerland, we must not forget to pay tribute to that little country during what is inevitably a time of deep anxiety, with not a little unmerited hardship.

For the Swiss are paying heavily to maintain their ancient freedom, both in high taxation and in Defence Loans. The third of these loans has recently been issued, bringing the total of borrowed money to close upon sixty million pounds. In spite of heavy taxation, the Swiss national budget has failed to balance since the Hitler War began, with the result that at the end of last year the deficit had reached almost £160,000,000. These may appear small figures today, but the Swiss population is under five millions, and the country has lost its valuable tourist industry.

RUSSIA'S RAILWAY ACROSS TWO CONTINENTS



IT has been stated that vast supplies are now pouring into Russia from America and the British Empire. Much material is entering through Vladivostok, the Pacific terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

When its first train ran from Moscow to Vladivostok in 1904 this railway was hailed as a new wonder of the world. It was indeed a triumph of engineering, but it had the disadvantage of lying in Chinese territory for the final part of its route. The Russians, therefore, constructed a line to the north, called the Amur Railway because it followed the course of the river of that name which separates Siberia from Manchuria. This branch lies entirely within Russian territory and was completed as a single line in 1916. When Japan

defied the League of Nations and overran Manchuria the Russian Government decided to improve this Amur route, so they spent two arduous years in duplicating its track, a task that is today proving well worth the great engineering difficulties involved.

The Trans-Siberian Railway with its branches is today some 6000 miles long, and has become the chief factor in developing the rich resources of Eastern Siberia as well as carrying goods to and from the port of Vladivostok, which today has over 200,000 people, more than twice as many as 20 years ago. Ice-breakers keep its waters open during the winter months, so that all the year through her allies will be able to pour in the goods Russia needs in her great fight against the Axis powers.

The Story of the Electric Lamp

1000 FREE CHARTS FOR C N READERS

ON more than one occasion the C N has reminded its readers that it was an Englishman, Joseph Wilson Swan, who beat Edison by a year in inventing the incandescent electric lamp.

He exhibited the first practical example at Newcastle in 1878, a year before Edison, for whom the priority has been wrongly claimed in America.

In the next few years commercial companies in England and America produced improved types of these lamps, and later united forces as the Edison Swan Electric Company. In 1909 they gave to the world the first tungsten filament lamp, which has today been improved into what is known as the Royal Ediswan Coiled Coil Lamp, a miracle of ingenuity.

A little while before the war this English company built up a little museum of these historic lamps, but had to remove the treasures from public view to a safe place. They have, however, reproduced the essence of this museum in a series of excellent charts which display the main features of each lamp, enlarged three times. These they have been giving to science teachers in schools, who have been most grateful for them, and having a thousand charts to spare the Edison Swan people have asked the Editor of the C N to state that they will be glad to send them free of cost to any reader who is interested in the subject.

Their address in wartime is 18 York Street, Twickenham, to whom all applications for this free chart should be sent.

Something Good For Nothing

Dear Editor, I noticed in a Hamburg newspaper that hundreds of truckloads of rose-hips had just arrived from Austria. The vitamin C in which they are rich would help out a diet which was missing its usual fruits in this unfortunate season.

Rose-hips are not unknown in England. Old ladies remember jellies and sauces their mothers made out of them. But who ever saw them for sale in a shop?

Nowadays, when grapes are 9s a pound, we might do worse than bethink ourselves of them. If you do, wait till they are fully red, but don't wait till they grow soft. They can easily be made into jam or jelly. Stems and tops should be removed; then cut open the fruit and remove as much as possible of the sharp hairs. The flesh so obtained you may boil up, adding a small amount of water. A teaspoonful of citric or tartaric acid will improve the flavour, taking the place of lemon juice.

It looks as if there would be plenty of elderberries this year to make up for fruit scarcity. And what about haws? These have no special vitamin value, but they can be used to make a jelly or a jam in the usual way, if you like the flavour. And so can the rowan berries.

J. LEWIS PATON

The C N recorded the other day a collection of rose-hips by Guides for Bradford Infirmary.

Aquila, the Celestial Eagle

AND ALTAIR, HIS RADIANT EYE

THE brilliant Venus has approached much nearer to us in the last few weeks but is still very low in the south-west evening sky, writes the C N Astronomer.

She can be seen for only about half an hour after sunset as she sets about 45 minutes after the Sun. At present about 121 million miles away, this most radiant of the planets appears very brilliant and unmistakable when there is a clear sky down to the horizon.

The slender crescent of the Moon will appear on August 25 a little way to the left of Venus and at a higher altitude, so the exact position of the planet may be easily found. Earlier, in the morning of that day, the Moon will pass in front of Venus and occult her, as astronomers say; but this event will only be seen from the other side of the Earth, chiefly in Asia, East Africa, and the Indian Ocean area.

However, the position of Venus will improve, and she will soon become a radiant feature of the western sky, as Mars is becoming in the east, though he appears at a much later hour at present, and cannot be seen until after 10 o'clock; but, like Venus, Mars will soon be better placed for us.

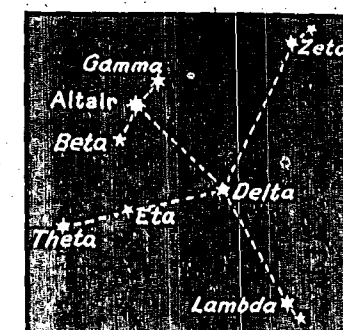
Stars to Look For

With the darker evenings the stars are becoming more in evidence, the southern sky now presenting some interesting and splendid constellations. Aquila, the Eagle, is high in the south; Cygnus, the Swan, whose chief stars form the Northern Cross, is almost overhead and easily identified; while in the east the Great Square of Pegasus may be readily recognised, poised as if on one of its four corners. The semicircle of stars forming the Northern Crown will be obvious high in the south-west, with the brilliant golden Arcturus lower down toward the west, and the blue-white Vega, most brilliant of all, near to overhead and a little to the west of the Northern Cross, with Arid, almost as brilliant, at its head.

Nearest of all this grand array of bright stars is Altair, the gem of Aquila, which with the stars Beta and Gamma-in-Aquila forms a line of stars recalling that of Orion's Belt. Together, with the other chief stars of Aquila they compose an arrangement which roughly suggests a bird, as shown in our

star-map. Altair thus becomes the eye of this celestial Eagle, with wings outstretched across the heavens and appearing between the planets Venus and Mars, the emblems of Love and War. Now, if we bear in mind that the Eagle is primarily the symbol of the United States, some may see in this celestial situation an appropriate allegory.

That great sun Altair is about 1,012,000 times farther away than our Sun, but, were it as near, Altair would appear half as wide again as compared with our Sun, its diameter



The chief stars of Aquila, the Celestial Eagle

being about 1,200,000 miles. But Altair has a much hotter and more brilliant white surface, and so radiates altogether nearly nine times more light and heat than our Sun. Though nearer than all the bright stars that we see above us in the evening at the present time, yet Altair is so far away that its light takes 16 years to reach us as compared with only little over 8 minutes from our Sun. Altair is, however, speeding toward us at the rate of 1500 miles a minute, so generations hence Altair may appear as bright as Sirius, a very similar sun which is now only half as far as Altair though not above the horizon in the evening.

Beta-in-Aquila, the star below Altair, is a sun very similar to our own, but is 42 light-years distant. Gamma-in-Aquila, somewhat brighter, and appearing third in line with Altair, is actually a giant sun 142 light-years distant, and so immense that it radiates about 125 times more light than our Sun. We see also that, though Altair appears almost in line with Beta and Gamma, yet actually Altair is much nearer to us than to them. G. F. M.

Slaves of the Huns

THE C N has long insisted that Hitler's aim is to enslave mankind, and it is well to put on record the fact that the Huns do not deny it. One of their leaders is Herr Darré, Minister of Agriculture, and this is what he says:

We will introduce in our new living space completely new methods. All soil and industrial property of inhabitants of non-German origin will be confiscated without exception and distributed primarily among the worthy members of the party and soldiers who were accorded honours for bravery in this war.

Thus a new aristocracy of German masters will be created. This aristocracy will have slaves assigned to it, these slaves to be their property and to consist of landless, non-German nationals.

Please do not interpret the word slaves as a parable or as a rhetorical term; we actually have in mind a modern form of medieval slavery which we must and will introduce because we

urgently need it in order to fulfil our great tasks. These slaves will by no means be denied the blessings of illiteracy; higher education will, in future, be reserved only for the German population of Europe.

We have selected this form of slavery for several reasons. The most important reason is that we are abolishing the gold standard and replacing it by work. This work must be as cheap as possible in order that our economic conquest may spread extensively and rapidly. Our future generations must, even in peacetime, be educated in such a manner that, in case of necessity, they may be fit to defend strongly and energetically what we acquired.

THE ISLAND GATEWAY TO THE FAR EAST

The Romantic Story of Malaya and Singapore

THE Island Gateway to the Far East has been drawn into the arena of the world war with startling suddenness, and wild countries hitherto far removed from the stream of the world's life are now becoming familiar to us all.

To leave out for the moment the valuable territories of the United States and Holland, and to look only at our own, is to realise the far-reaching consequences involved in this new crisis.

MALAYA is a finger of land thrown out from Burma, with Singapore at the tip of the finger. It is about as big as England and is made up of three groups of territory, four federated Malay States, five unfederated ones, and what we call the Straits Settlements.

Nature has made Malaya a rich country, and the Flag has made it a magnificent example of what civilisation can do for backward races. It is only two generations since most of the peninsula was a roadless jungle; today it is a federation of well-governed communities and contented peoples following their own ways of life.

Wasted Areas

In those days of last century this long peninsula of 700 miles, with its backbone of mountain forest, was running to waste, the forest areas abandoned to elephants, rhinos, tigers, leopards, monkeys, snakes, and a great variety of beautiful birds, with only a little land cultivated round the few towns and the many villages. Now the number of acres cultivated is on the way to two million for one plant alone, the plant that has changed the

whole face of Malaya in the memory of living men, Rubber.

When the modern world demanded rubber for a thousand and one new things, all the rubber available came from Brazil. The wise director of Kew Gardens, Sir Joseph Hooker, one of the best botanical friends the Empire ever had, thought it would be good to grow rubber in the East, and it happened that he met Henry Wickham, and that together they quietly conspired to transform the destinies of the Malay Peninsula.

Henry Wickham went to Brazil, where millions of acres were growing rubber. He collected the seeds but was forbidden to bring them out of the country. They were guarded as the seeds of the cinchona plant were guarded when Sir Clements Markham went in search of it for quinine.

But Henry Wickham was not to be beaten, and he managed to find a ship which had just been built at the mouth of the Amazon, ready to sail but without a cargo, and by a bold stroke he commissioned it, put his sackful of seeds on board, and came home. He arrived at Kew Gardens with his sack in a handsome cab one night, and an urgent

call to the staff set everybody working through the night to plant seventy thousand seeds. In a fortnight 1700 plants appeared in the greenhouses, and were sent out to Malaya and Ceylon.

From them has sprung the great industry which now in Malaya alone produces 370,000 tons of rubber worth £30,000,000 a year. More than one-third of the whole world's supply of rubber has come from Henry Wickham's bagful of seeds. It has been a tremendous development, so secretly begun, and with it there has grown up a great business in tin worth £20,000,000 a year, in copra from the coconut plantations, and in pineapples, which flourish abundantly.

Where there was nothing but jungle now run metalled roads and railways; where land ran waste are now rich plantations, with fields growing sugar, tapioca and pepper; where men were idle they now weave silk, build boats, make bricks. For the millions of Malays and the hundreds of thousands of Chinese and Indians, life is no longer a battle with disease and ill-health. Medical services have been established and schools opened, and even the two aboriginal races, the black Pygmies, who use stone axes and blow poisoned arrows through blow-pipes, and the tall Melanesians have emerged from the forests and settled down in decent communities.

Light of Penang

Into the Straits Settlements come the islands of Penang and Singapore.

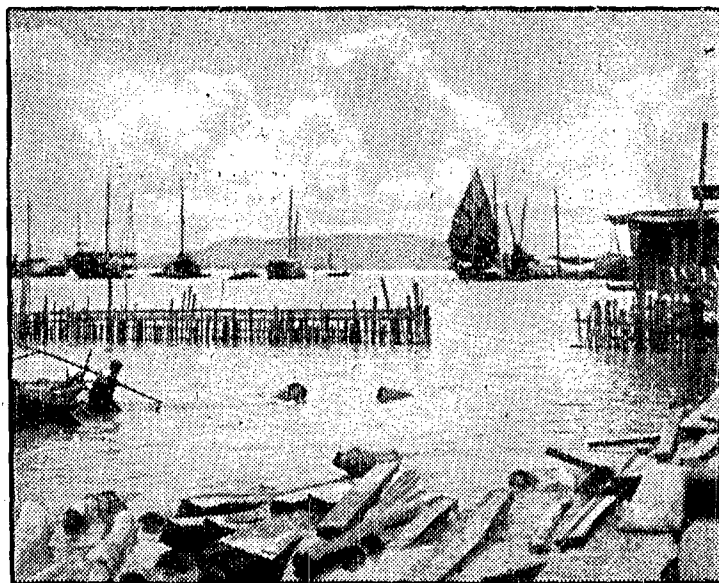
Penang, the most northern of the Settlements, is about 15 miles long and 11 miles wide, and was leased to the Flag by the Rajah of the Malay State of Kedah. We owe it to a Suffolk man, Francis Light, whose son founded the city of Adelaide in Australia. Penang has his statue and Adelaide has his son's.

He went out on an East India-man to Madras in the 18th century, and took command of a trading ship for the East India Company, made friends with the Rajah of Kedah, and obtained the island for £1200 a year. He found Penang a jungle with only fifty people in it, and left it a prosperous island with thousands of people, having watched over the interests of settlers and natives so that they mourned him as a father. This boy from Woodbridge Grammar School had the fine imagination, when he secured the island for his company, to agree to pay tribute "to last so long as the sun and moon shall give light."

Penang's port of Georgetown rivals Singapore in its trade, but nothing can rival Singapore in its importance to the Flag and to civilisation.

Raffles of Singapore

We owe this place to another young man of the East India Company, who went out to Penang at 24 and made his power felt as a man of energy and vision. He was Sir Stamford Raffles. He had joined the East India Company when he was only 14, and used to lament that



A Peep at the Port of Penang

the lack of a university education made him feel like a Hottentot in the midst of civilisation. But his education was wide and deep, the education of life itself, and he had a wonderful mastery of the languages of the East.

One of the first things he did out there was to set free 200 slaves, and to start schools. He became Governor of Java while we held it, increasing its revenues eight times, and making its people happier than they had ever been.

In the course of his travels Raffles had been struck by the commanding position of Singapore, an island of 220 square miles with about as many people on it, and he persuaded the Sultan of Johore to lease it to him as a trading post for the East India Company, who so little appreciated his action that when he died they sent his widow a bill for £10,000, including the expenses for hoisting the British Flag at Singapore! He stayed there long enough to see thousands of ships calling at the port which was to become the British Gateway to the Far East, and had the joy of persuading the sultan to establish a college at which all races should be taught. He was delighted to discover one of the biggest flowers in the world, which is now named after him, Rafflesia Arnoldi; it is a yard across and weighs a stone.

He was one of the great pillars of the Flag and his work was crowned with abundant success,

but it is sad to have to say that the climate destroyed four of his children, wrecked his own health, and drove him back to England, and that on the voyage home his ship caught fire and all his maps and manuscripts and collections were destroyed, a loss of the fruit of twenty years of toil and valued at over £20,000.

At home he founded the London Zoo, though how many of its visitors know his name? Yet it is still remembered in the East, where he conquered by justice, wisdom, and the love of the people.

A Keystone of Empire

Today the island his company did not want is a keystone of the Empire, visited by 7000 merchant ships in peace time every year. It has been made into a military, naval, and air base of stupendous strength to guard the freedom of the seas. Thousands of coolies have cleared away forests, drained the land, and filled up swamps. Thousands of piles have been driven into the ground to form foundations for quays on which stand giant cranes and every kind of machine for repairing ships. Our biggest warships can float in its docks, and there are immense airfields, bases for flying boats, vast stores of fuel and reservoirs of water, huge barracks, and every imaginable kind of protection civilisation needs in these perilous days.

A Voice From the Mine

It is a long time since we heard from our friend Stanley Chant, who reads the C N every week down in the dark world of the pit. Now this comes in our post-bag.

DEAR EDITOR, Reading a few weeks ago that a C N reader had given instructions in his home that the front page should be cut out and kept for him led me to think how wonderfully different we are from one another. We can admire the man who knows when he reads something good and wants to preserve it for future use, but the present writer is a little different.

I have been reading our bright little paper for 17 years, and have not knowingly destroyed a single page. From time to time items of news, or a little poem, would

be cut out for future use, and then in its mutilated state the C N would be posted to a remote village in Somerset.

Now the war is on, and what a great change has taken place in the life of my C N. It is true the paper still has its weekly trip down the mine, to be my companion for an hour or so, but it is never cut. However tempting the items may be, they are left alone. I believe (especially in these days) that anything good which we can circulate should be passed on to someone at once, so now the C N in all its glory is kept intact and posted to the Middle East, to my brother in the Forces, who writes to say how he and his pals enjoy it.

STANLEY CHANT

BEDTIME CORNER

Bobby by the Sea

WHEN Bobby arrived at his Granny's it was dark, and as soon as he had had his supper he went to bed.

The next morning he woke early. The sun was streaming in through the window. Bobby jumped out of bed and ran to look out.



"Oh!" he gasped. He had forgotten that Granny's cottage was close to the sea. It was so close that he could have thrown a stone into it from where he stood.

Bright yellow sand made a lovely carpet down to the blue water, and a little way out lay a tiny boat with brown sails.

Bobby slipped his feet into the woolly shoes that lay at

the foot of his bed and ran to the door. Pat-a-pat-pat down the stairs he went, and out through the open door. In a minute he was on the sand, running as fast as he could go to the water's edge, his eyes shining with delight.

It was the first time he had seen the sea. Mummy had told him about it, but he had never thought it could be quite so exciting as this.

He went a bit nearer and bent down to touch the gentle waves at his feet. And then, suddenly, it happened. A big wave, much bigger than the others, rushed up, caught him and sent him sprawling. He was terrified, but before he could cry out strong arms picked him up and tossed him on to the dry sand.

Bobby rubbed the water out of his eyes and looked up to see a jolly fisherman laughing down at him.

"Gave you a bit of a fright, didn't it?" he said kindly. "Toddle back to your Granny," he added, setting the little boy on his feet, "and when you've had your breakfast I'll take you out in my boat."

And so he did. Bobby loved the sea from that day.

THE BRAN TUB

PROBLEM

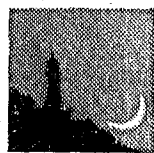
AFTER his bath one night Georgie was looking at his toes, and seemed very puzzled.

"What is it, dear?" asked his mother.

"Why is it that one toe is so much bigger than the others? I thought they were all the same age!"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the west and Mars is low in the east.



In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Monday evening, August 25.

THINGS YOU NEVER SEE

A CHILD bounce the ball of the eye. Teeth in the mouth of a river. A farmer make sheaves of the corn on the foot.

Jewels in the crown of the head. An engine draw a bride's train. Lashes on the eye of a needle. Fingers on the hands of a clock. A nose on the face of a watch. A man pack/clothes in the trunk of a tree. Toes on a foot measure. A fight when the clock strikes the hour. Kernels in the stones in the road.

Jack and Jill in Trouble

LITTLE Miss Muffit
And little Boy Blue,
With Jackie Horner,
And Tom Tucker-too,
Went to Cinderella,
And said Jack and Jill
Stole a Crooked Sixpence
From Mother Hubbard's till.

TONGUE-TWISTER

ROBERT ROWLEY rolled a round roll round;
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Do You Live in Finchley?

THE Finch in Finchley is what it appears to be, the name of a small bird, and no doubt Finchley obtained its name from being the lea, or grassland, where finches were caught or seen in large numbers.

A PUNCTUATION RHYME

This is a comma; here I stay
While counting one upon my way.
A semi-colon next I view;
Here I must stop and count one, two.
A colon next I plainly see,
And stop to count just one, two, three.
A period now, which means still more;
I stop to count one, two, three, four.

THE AUTHOR TO THE POET

AN amateur poet having sent to a famous author a poor poem on the River Dee, the author replied:
Had I been U,
And in the Q,
As easy 'twould have been to B,
I'd let you C,
While sipping T,
Far better lines upon the D.

The Seasons

SPRING: Showery, flowery, bowery;
Summer: Hoppy, croppy, poppy;
Autumn: Wheezy, sneezy, freezy;
Winter: Slippy, drippy, nippy.

Jumbled Fish



JOHNNY caught four fish, but the letters of their names are mixed up. Can you see what they are?

Answer next week

What Am I?

As to my age, if you had never heard,
You'd think me ancient by my hoary beard;
Yet my existence will so short appear,
I never yet was known to live a year,
Unless in climates far from Britain's shore,
Where I have lived for ages here-tore.
At my approach I make the stoutest yield;
And cause whole armies soon to quit the field.

1904.7

How Richelieu Wrote His Name

ONE of the cleverest statesmen who ever lived was Cardinal Armand de Richelieu, who lived from 1585 to 1642. His force of character and ability brought him to the front, and he was the chief

De Richelieu

minister of Louis XIII for 18 years. His policy, which he carried out unswervingly and successfully, was to reduce the power of the nobles and strengthen that of the crown; also to increase French influence abroad.

A Rise For Jacko



WHEN Jacko caught sight of the balloon man he thought of his little brother. But it wasn't Baby who got the balloons that day, but Jacko—and Chimp. They bought the lot, tied them together, and fastened them to a big box. Then in they scrambled, and up they went—to the amazement of Mother Jacko, who couldn't believe her eyes.

Curious Facts About the Bible

A MAN spent three years going through the Bible to compile these facts.

There are 66 books, 1189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,692 words, and 3,566,480 letters. The shortest chapter is Psalm 117, and this is also the middle chapter. The longest chapter is Psalm 119.

The middle verse of the Bible is Psalm 118, verse 8. There is no middle verse in the Old Testament,

because it has an even number, but the place where it would be is between the 17th and 18th verses of II Chronicles 20.

The shortest verse in the Old Testament is I Chronicles 1, verse 25; and in the New Testament John 11, verse 35. The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts 17, verse 17. The word and occurs 35,543 times in the Old Testament and 10,684 times in the New.

EXPERIENCED

It was in the drawing-class at the school.

"Sargent was a great artist," said the teacher. "With one stroke he could change a smiling face into a sorrowful one."

"That's nothing," piped up Johnny. "My mother does that to me lots of times."

Ici on Parle Français

Talma et Napoléon

Le jeune Bonaparte, qui admirait beaucoup Talma, passait souvent ses soirées dans les coulisses du Théâtre-Français. Le concierge demanda à Talma qui était ce jeune officier dont le nom n'était pas inscrit sur sa liste. "Napoléon Bonaparte," dit l'acteur. "Il est de mes amis."

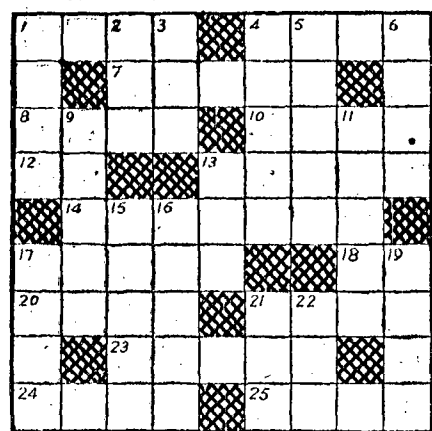
Dix ans plus tard, aux Tuileries, si quelque prince demandait à l'Empereur: "Sire, quel est cet homme?" Napoléon répondait: "C'est Talma. Il est de mes amis."

VICTORY

calls for closest possible co-operation. Will you kindly co-operate with our efforts to counteract the effects of enemy actions? WE MUCH NEED MONEY to provide 7 or 14 days' rest in the country for children and aged people who have suffered severely.

R.S.V.P. to REV. PERCY INESON, EAST END MISSION, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

Half-Hour Cross Word



Reading Across. 1 Baby cow. 4 A suit or action at law. 7 Nest of a bird of prey. 8 Violent temper. 10 Tardy. 12 To perform. 13 A rose-red dye obtained from coal-tar products. 14 A cockerel. 17 This and one other enables you to walk at a height. 18 A printer's measure. 20 The glasswort. 21 Often found at the east end of a church. 23 To escape. 24 Fashion. 25 There are 31 this month.

Reading Down. 1 A string composed of several twisted strands. 2 To loiter. 3 A reward for services. 4 He guides the plane. 5 A contract for the letting of lands. 6 So be it. 9 The Great Artery. 11 Exhausts. 13 French for is. 15 Lubricated. 16 Fruit yielding a cooking and medicinal oil. 17 To glide along. 19 Army feeding quarters. 21 To put together. 22 A leguminous plant.

Answer next week

The Wasted Powers of Peace

Boy. You once promised to talk to me about wasting work in peace time.

Man. Yes, the urgency of peace work is little realised. While we are at war everyone says "Go to it," but when we are at peace we too often let things slide.

Boy. I suppose that is because in peace we are not in danger.

Man. I should rather put it that in peace we do not realise that we are in danger of wasting our lives, to say nothing of risking them physically.

Boy. It would be good to think that we could all feel really useful, and enjoy health and strength 24 hours a day.

Man. Have you ever thought how many people are condemned to do useless work or to do useful work either with bad tools or without either minds and hands? We touched on that when we noted how in the last Great War (as in the present one) millions of young men could be turned into soldiers while the national output actually rose,

THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

although they were taken out of wealth production!

Boy. How can we judge what it amounts to, the waste of labour in peace?

Man. Well, we know that hardly more than one in three of our working people are engaged in producing material things, and it surely ought not to absorb the labour of about two out of three to carry out necessary services. And think what the effect of scientific machines ought to have been, properly applied to the service of the nation in peace.

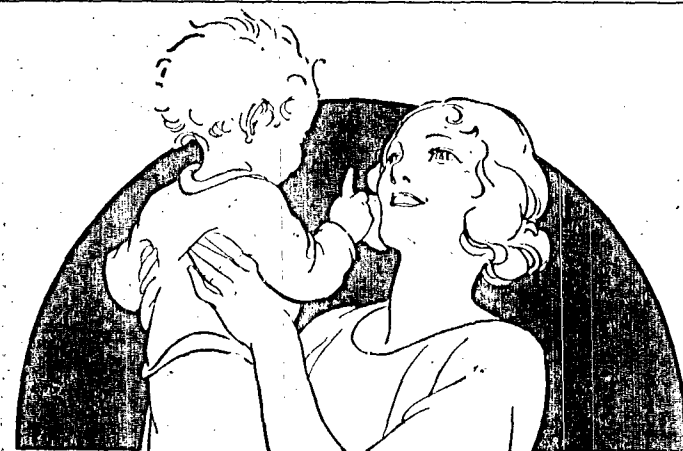
Boy. Why has machinery not done more for us?

Man. Because machinery is not properly used. We have some 20 million working people in all occupations. During the last two centuries, which have witnessed the rise and growth of modern science and invention, our power to work must have multiplied a thousand-

fold. Let us suppose, however, that the multiplication has been only a hundredfold. Then our 20 million workers of today must be equal in productive power to 2000 million workers lacking machinery and inventions, as people did in 1740. Yet, as we know, the majority of people can buy little beyond bare necessities, and cheap goods are specially made to suit what may be called Poverty Market. The demonstration of waste of power, of waste of labour, of waste of life, is complete.

Boy. How can we move people to see that, and to organise for peace as we now organise for war?

Man. By persuading every child to regard life as a great and splendid adventure, and the battle with world poverty (for poverty reigns in every nation) as the Final War—a war calling for the finest munitions, arming civilisation with weapons not to kill but to keep alive, not to make widows and orphans but to fill all nations with healthy human beings, full of mirth and sweet content.



Doctors and Nurses recommend 'California Syrup of Figs'

They know it to be a perfectly safe and natural fruit laxative. It ensures gentle but thorough action and the kiddies love its delicious flavour.

When your child gets cross and peevish, has a coated tongue and a headache, all that is needed to restore health and happiness is

'California Syrup of Figs,' Nature's own laxative. The wise mother follows the advice of doctors and nurses and gives a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative each week. 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax) everywhere. Be sure to emphasize 'CALIFORNIA.'